

Nearly all the savages had, with consoling edification, come here to assist at the divine mysteries, and to confess themselves at midnight mass. In the autumn, they generally scatter for their hunting to a great distance,—some one hundred or 200 leagues, the others more or less; and they reappear destitute of everything, exceedingly thin, and always with the invariable greeting: *ni-paska-bagwanan*, "We are dying of hunger." To supply them with more spiritual food, the celebrant gave them a short sermon, about 3 quarters of an hour long, at the Gospel. The dispositions which seemed to animate them as they left the chapel led the french who were present to conceive that God, when he wills, derives his glory from the mutest tongues. On the following feast-days, we undertook to teach them the principles of faith and morality, on condition that an old man who was better instructed should check the new Catechist at every barbarism in the montagnais language.

Afterward, when the chiefs with their bands had dispersed in the woods, the missionary devoted the rest of the winter to composing an elementary catechism and some hymns in his new language. Being taken sick, he had himself conveyed early in the spring to Quebec, where he intended to spend some time. But hardly had he arrived there and breathed its air than, through I know not what secret inspiration, he felt impelled to return to his mission, contrary to the advice of all in the college—who urged him kindly, but in vain, to wait for the vessel which was shortly to convey supplies to the posts. During my absence the principal chief had come to Chekoutimi. On learning that—disgusted, and despairing of converting them, as I had made a good savage believe—I had turned my regards elsewhere, and